

NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

VOL. III.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1834.

NO. 40.

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN NEW-YORK
AND PHILADELPHIA.

EDITED BY

T. J. Sawyer, A. C. Thomas, and P. Price.

P. PRICE, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—Two Dollars per ann. in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid within six months. Publishing offices No. 2 Marble-Building, Chatham-Square, (foot of the Bowery) New-York, and No. 132 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia.
Letters to be addressed, (post paid) "P. Price, No. 2 Chatham-Square, New-York."

SCRIPTURAL CREEDS.

In a recent number of the "N. H. Star and Universalist," we find the following article, said to have been written by a ministering brother at the south. The name of the writer is not given. The editor of the Star observes, "If scripture can be used so freely to set forth the doctrines of Calvin and Aminius, we should be grateful for the information." We give it place as presenting some of the many grounds on which man is justified in trusting in the universal goodness and kind protecting care of his Maker.

THE UNIVERSALIST'S BELIEF AND RULE OF LIFE.

In all ages of the world, creeds have been invented and adopted, as the rule of faith and practice by almost all denominations. And it has sometimes been asked, what is the Universalists creed and rule of life? This question it is my intention here to answer.

1. The Universalists believe in one God, whom they consider to be the first and the last; the fountain of life, the creator, preserver and governor of the universe, the bountiful giver of every blessing, who is infinite in all his perfections, as appears from the following scriptures. 'And God said unto Abraham, I am God Almighty.' Gen. xxxv, 11. 'Thus saith Jehovah the King of Israel and his Redeemer the Lord of hosts, I am the first and I am the last, and beside me there is no God.' Isa. xlv, 6. 'Thus saith Jehovah thy Redeemer, I am the Lord that maketh all things.' Isa. xlv, 24. 'Great is our Lord and of great power; his understanding is infinite.' Ps. cxlvii, 5. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,' &c. Gen. i, 1. 'And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good,' Gen. i, 31. Have we not all one Father; hath not one God created us? Mal. ii, 10. 'All souls are mine saith the Lord,' Ezek. xviii, 4. 'Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created,' Rev. iv, 11. Thus the Universalists believe in one God, of infinite perfections.

2. The Universalists believe that God created to bless, for it is written, "The Lord is good to all and his tender mercies are over all his works," Psalm cxlv, 9. 'And God said unto Abraham that in blessing I will bless thee, and in thy seed (which is Christ) shall all the nations of the earth be blessed,' Gen. xxii, 17, 18.—'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee,' Isa. xlix, 15.

3. The Universalists believe all men to be sinners, for it is written, 'There is no man that sinneth not,' 1 Kings, viii, 46. 'There is none righteous, not one,' Rom. iii, 10. 'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God,' Rom. iii, 23. 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us,' 1

John, i, 8. 'God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all,' Rom. xi, 32.

4. The Universalists believe, that all must suffer for their sins; for it is written, 'Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished,' Prov. xi, 21. 'Wo unto the wicked—it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him,' Isa. iii, 11. The righteous shall be recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner,' Prov. xi, 31.

5. The Universalists believe that the time will come, when all will be freed from sin, and be restored to holiness and happiness, in and thro' the power, wisdom and goodness of God, and the teachings and mediations of Jesus Christ, 'whom God sent to be the Savior of the world,' 1 John, iv, 14; for it is written, 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plague, O grave, I will be thy destruction,' Hosea, xiii, 14. 'Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power,' Ps. cx, 3. 'I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people,' Jer. xxxi, 33. All the ends of the world shall remember and turn to the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him,' Ps. xxii, 27. 'I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue swear, surely shall say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength,' Isa. lxy, 23, 24. 'Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though red, like crimson, they shall be as wool,' Isa. i, 18. 'They shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord; for they shall all know me from the least unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more,' Jer. xxxi, 34. It is also written, 'They shall be all taught of God,' John, vi, 45. And that 'God will have all men to be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth,' 1 Tim. ii, 4.

6. The Universalists believe that God will fulfill all his promises, for it is written, 'God is not man that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent; hath he said, and shall he not do it? hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?' Num. xxiii, 19.

7. The Universalists believe that future 'life and immortality are brought to light through the gospel,' 2 Tim. i, 10.

8. The Universalists believe Jesus the Christ, to be the chosen and sent of God, to do his will, in fulfilling his holy law; to teach and practice the way that leads to happiness in time and in eternity. 'The Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak; and I know that his commandment is life everlasting,' John xii, 49, 50. 'The Father loveth the Son and hath given all things into his hand,' John, iii, 35. 'All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' John, vi, 37. 'I lay down my life for the sheep, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd,' John x, 15, 16. 'I am the way, the truth and the life,' John, xiv, 6. 'I am the re-

surrection and the life,' John, xi, 25. 'Because I live, ye shall live also,' John, xiv, 19. 'All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth,' Matt. xxviii, 18. 'Christ taketh away the sin of the world,' John, i, 29. 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,' 1 John, i, 7.—'While we were yet in our sins Christ died for us,' Rom. v, 8. 'It is shown to Peter, in the vision, that all were cleansed,' Acts, x, 12—15. 'God is no respecter of persons,' Acts x, 34.—'Christ gave himself a ransom for all,' 1 Tim. ii, 6. 'This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou has sent,' John, xvii, 3. 'At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father,' Phill. ii, 10, 11. 'Your life is hid with Christ in God; when Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory,' Col. iii, 3, 4. 'Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be, but we know that, when he, (Christ) shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is,' 1 John iii, 2.

Many other passages of scripture favoring the Universalist doctrine, might be quoted, but these are sufficient for the foundation of the writer's belief; his object in quoting them, is to give a reason of his hope, and to lead others to search the scriptures for themselves, to see if those things be so. May God give all light to read and understand his holy word.

SCRAPS OF CRITICISM.

Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Matt. vii, 22, 23.

This is one of the texts which have been employed to sustain the doctrine of endless sin, and misery, and of course, to oppose the doctrine of universal grace and salvation. But what is there in the passage that would lead a reasonable man to apply it to the future state of existence? 'Many will say unto me in that day'—what day is meant? We are not to understand it to be a day of twenty-four hours, for any remarkable time is called a *day* in the language of the sacred writers. The time of a nation's punishment, by the visitation of God, is called *the day of the Lord*, because at that time God exercises justice on that people; hence the phrase does not mean one and the same time wherever it occurs, but a particular time in which God punished certain nations for their sins by some tremendous visitations of judgment. To illustrate what we mean, we will refer to several passages of scripture.—See, in the first place, Zeph. i, 12—18. "And it shall come to pass at that time that I will search Jerusalem with candles, and punish the men that are settled on their lees: that say in their heart, The Lord will not do good, neither will he do evil. Therefore their goods shall become a booty, and their houses a desolation—they shall also build houses, but not inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, but not drink the wine thereof. The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord; the mighty man shall cry there bitterly. That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of dark-

ness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness. A day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers.—And I will bring distress upon men, that they shall walk like blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord; and their blood shall be poured out as dust, and their flesh as the dung. Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath; but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of his jealousy; for he shall make even a speedy riddance of all them that dwell in the land." This passage refers to the time of the destruction of the Jews by the Babylonians; and it is called the *day of the Lord*, because God was supposed by the prophet to have sent the armies of Babylon to destroy the nation of the Jews for their sins. It is called, by way of distinction, "that time," "the great day of the Lord," "a day of wrath," "a day of trouble and distress," "a day of wasteness and desolation," "a day of darkness and gloominess," "a day of clouds and thick darkness," "and the day of the Lord's wrath." &c. Joel describes a punishment which was sent upon the Jews, in very similar language.—See chap. ii, 1, 2. "Blow ye the trumpet of Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain—let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand; A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong; there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations."

The New-Testament writers, following the example of the writers of the Old Testament, represent the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, as the *day of the Lord*, or *that day*. Hence, after having foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, and declared, "this generation shall not pass till all be fulfilled," Jesus adds, "take heed to yourselves, lest at any time, your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so THAT DAY come upon you unawares." Luke xxi, 34. Again, Paul says, 1 Thess. v, 4, "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that THAT DAY should overtake you as a thief." It will be seen from this, that the Thessalonians were to live until that day came, and that by being watchful, it would not come upon them suddenly, unexpectedly, "as a thief in the night."

Jesus taught the people that empty professions of piety were of no avail; but that they must do the will of God. Matt. vii, 21. But some who were destitute of good works in the church, would be depending on their unavailing forms of piety. They are represented as saying, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name have done many wonderful works?"—"Their hopes were the house built on the sand, which the winds and floods destroyed, i. e. they were trusting to a foundation which would not abide them; they were in hopes to be saved from the general calamity by their professions of godliness only, whereas nothing would be a sure support, a solid foundation, but doing the will of God. This was the rock, and he who built on it was sure to stand. See Matt. vii, 24—27. As these false and hypocritical professors would be cast off in the day of the Lord, and made to suffer the same punishments which fell on the unbelieving, persecuting Jews, Christ is represented as saying to them, "I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity."

Reader, let not this lesson be lost upon you.—Put no dependance on an outside holiness.—"Make clean the inside of the cup and of the platter and the outside will be clean also." Do your duty. Obey the will of God. Cultivate a benevolent spirit. If you have done a wrong, repair it, and make restitution. Be religious, in

the true and proper sense of that phrase. If you truly believe in Christ, profess him before men; and make him your exemplar and guide. May God's grace assist you to discharge those duties.
Trumpet and Magazine.

METHODIST'S AWAKE!

The discerning and better portion of this large denomination has, for many years, looked with a jealous eye on the monied combinations of the Presbyterians, and disapproved, in strong terms, the accumulation of large sums of money, to be lodged in the hands of the clergy, for pretendedly benevolent purposes. They feared, and very justly, for the purity of the men entrusted with the unlimited control of yearly increasing hoards—for the freedom of our country, when it might thus be sapped, mined, and even openly opposed by the power which money gives. They were particularly jealous of those schemes which accumulated large sums, saved the principal, (and from time to time added to it,) and spent the interest, or part of the interest only. Unused to flatter, and not afraid to rebuke, when I deem it necessary, I would say they were praiseworthy in this, their course. Large sums of money, with unlimited power to use them and to increase them, are and must be corrupting in their influence on those thus entrusted. The Methodists are no more than men—even the best among them should not be thus tempted with corrupting sums of gold and power. I hope the wise among them will be consistent, for consistency is called for.

The Methodist leaders in the city of New-York, have an immense book concern, to which is attached a weekly press, issuing papers to thirty thousand subscribers, at two dollars per annum. Increasing its funds rapidly, by these subscriptions and profits on their books, this whole concern bids fair, in a few more years, to outrival the tract, bible, and Sunday school funds of the Presbyterians, as much as a mammoth exceeds the elephant in size and strength. I never yet saw a statement of the amount of property thus held by these Methodist leaders, the manner of their annual expenditures, a statement of their debts and credits, or an official account of the annual increase of their funds. Have they ever made any such report? Was it a correct one? Or do they (worse than the "National" societies of Presbyterians) keep every thing in the dark—or, (like the other mammoths,) do they so publish accounts that their correctness cannot be ascertained? Methodists—you who are lovers of purity in the church, and safety to the liberties of your country—look to these things ere it be too late! Look to them for your own and your country's good! Your Editors are now receiving large salaries—something like two thousand dollars per annum, each—from this very fund beside their regular salaries as preachers—and see how they keep before your eyes but one side of any question opposed to their interests, and exclude you from seeing the other side, and that, too, in *your own paper*! Are men of such conduct and principles to be trusted? Or will you consider them as more perfect than other human beings?

But this is not all. That fund held by your leaders, is not increased fast enough for their ambition and avarice, by its ordinary profits.—They are calling upon you for money—money—money! One hundred thousand dollars, to be vested as a permanent fund, is to be raised by you before the fourth of July next. Your widows and orphans—your young men and poor girls—aged men and decrepit women, are called on for their cents and sixpences, to swell the money-bags of your mammoth book concern.—Your preachers are delivering sermons after sermons from the desk, on Sundays and week days to stimulate you to give—to lull your fears of danger, and to lead you safely into the trap

set for your money. This one hundred thousand dollars is to be invested, so that it shall yield ample profits, and those profits (the preachers tell you) are to be expended in printing tracts and bibles, to be sold at a very low profit. True; they will tell you at no profit; but how are you to be assured of this? Small profits on a large and often turned capital, yield enormous sums within a short period of time. And how are you to be assured of the proper and useful investment of the one hundred thousand dollars capital? How, in short, are you to know that your money will be used only as you intend it shall be used?—that you will not, sooner or later, be duped and deceived by those who are to manage your donations? Is not this subject worth your attention? What does consistency and prudence require of you, in relation to it? Go to your closets and prayerfully meditate upon the subject, and then act as conscience, duty, prudence, and a love of all that is good shall dictate to you. And may God grant you wisdom to see the craft and iniquity of your leaders—grace to abhor their evil conduct and designs—and strength to resist their rapid strides to domination, oppression, and their exclusive possession of "*The Lord's Treasury*," filled with your hard-earned money! Amen.

There is another view of the above subject, worthy the attention not only of every Methodist lover of purity and freedom, but of every American citizen. A Methodist preacher last Sunday, in urging the plan above named, and enforcing the necessity of giving freely for this purpose, declared that if every Member of the Methodist church, in the United States, would give but some trifle which he named, the permanent fund of one hundred thousand dollars would be secured. Suppose they give, will not the same trifle be asked for again, very soon, for another such permanent fund? And will these funds, and other funds and property of this giant power, be taxed? or will they be abducted from the taxable property of the States, so that the remainder shall be taxed still higher for the benefit of these Methodist leaders and speculators? What say you taxable citizens of the several States?

Again—what shall printers, booksellers, &c. do who have to trade on capital which is not begged? Must they be broken down, one by one, and all the business be vested in these grasping, monopolizing mammoths? If so, what security have we for the purity of the works—the Bible, for instance—which they shall exclusively print and publish? These questions must soon be answered—God grant it may not be in the blood shed in a civil war!—*Magazine and Advocate.*

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON.

I believe I may safely say, that Universalists are in general, as well, and I presume better acquainted with the evidences of their faith than any other denomination in this country; but still it is a humiliating fact that there is quite too much of implicit faith amongst us. Too many there are, even in our own ranks, who attend on the services of the sanctuary and listen to their favorite teacher, taking it for granted that all he says is true, without searching for the evidence. They go away and think no more of the matter till another week is past, and they are again in the church, to listen or sleep as the case may be. They call themselves Universalists, and yet have not paid sufficient attention to the subject, to give even a statement of that faith; and of its evidences and the arguments by which it is sustained, they are profoundly ignorant. By and by there comes a whirlwind of fanaticism, or a time for exertion. And where now is that thoughtless professor, who had eyes and ears and an understanding, but was too indolent to use either, choosing to

let the minister see, and hear, and understand for him, rather than do it for himself? Alas; he is caught in the gale, and drawn away from that truth of which he had proved himself an unworthy hearer. He sees now that he never did exactly believe what he professed. He always had strong doubts, and it must be wrong.

Forthwith the shout of triumph is heard in the enemy's camp that a Universalist has renounced his sentiments, and then the cause is injured by the folly of fools. The poor stupid man gets what? Why he gets a blind assent to another creed, and in truth it may be said "the last state of that man is worse than the first."—Brethren these things ought not so to be. The important subjects presented in the gospel of Jesus Christ are worth examining with all care and attention. They are worthy of being ranked first and foremost, among the things that should be held in everlasting remembrance. I charge you therefore, as in duty bound in the language of the text. "These things which I command you this day shall be in thy heart.—And thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou liest down and when thou risest up, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou sittest in thy house. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thy eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy door and upon thy gate—*Inquirer and Anchor*."

JESUS CHRIST--His Death.

Among all the beings that have appeared in our world, there is none whose life is so interesting as that of the Savior of mankind. His mission was as wide as the world, and his doctrine as benevolent as the being who sent him. There are particular traits in the characters of certain persons, on which the eye rests with pleasure.—But no one has been so fortunate as to pass through the world from childhood to manhood without partaking of human sinfulness, save Jesus of Nazareth. We do not now purpose to trace the incidents of this pure and spotless character, but rather to dwell on the closing scenes of his existence. There is always an interest thrown around death and the tomb that can never pass away. Feelings are awakened which will fix the mind and arrest the attention of even the most giddy and thoughtless. Especially when the benefactors of nations are stricken down, and conveyed beneath the clouds of the valley. Every reflecting mind must, therefore, contemplate the death of the Savior of the world with an interest exceeding that of any other being, more especially when the various circumstances are taken into consideration. These are of the most extraordinary and marvellous kind. So strange and so horrid that a bare recital calls forth unmingled indignation.

The trial of Jesus being closed, he sets out on his way to meet his fate. He receives insults on every side, mocked, derided and beaten; smarting under the effects of the scourging invariably practised before capital punishment in the Roman empire. At first he bore his cross, but afterwards, it was placed on one Simon. He was surrounded by a body of brutal soldiery as a guard. The Roman warriors had been in many contests, and had led many a hero at their chariot wheels. The eagle had conquered many nations: but neither was ever before so disgracefully employed.

At last the concourse with Jesus arrives.—The preparations are made. The cross is placed firmly in the ground. The cruel nails pierce his hands and feet. On each side is placed a criminal, who doubtless added to the distress of the scene by their cries. Not a single disciple save "the beloved" was there. Even Peter lost all his zeal and courage. He could boast, like many other cowards, when danger was at a distance.

Jesus looks around while dying. Oh! what an interesting period. He beholds his mother.—"When Jesus saw her, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." This must have been an affecting scene. It was a noble act. Had it taken place in the quiet and peaceful chamber of death, it would have called forth admiration. But under such circumstances, it almost exceeds human praise. But grand and excellent as it was, there was a nobler act immediately followed this, one that perfected his character, and set him forth as an example to all future ages. He prayed for his enemies: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." This was godlike.—A prayer so comprehensive and full of goodness was never heard before, nor has ever been uttered since. During this period, the sun hid his face as though unwilling to witness the scene.—"The veil of the temple was rent in twain."—Upon the fatal cross was placed the inscription, Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews; written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. This seemed to many to be too great an acknowledgment.—A request was accordingly made to Pilate to alter it so far as to have it read, "He said I am king of the Jews." But Pilate was unyielding.—"What I have written, I have written," was the answer. It is singular to see the complexity of the human character, to witness the courage and the weakness of the same individual in different circumstances. At the trial of Jesus, Pilate dared not to act out the convictions of his own conscience. He gave up a being in whom he acknowledged there was no fault.—Now he pays no attention to the opinions of those very persons whom but just before, he dare not oppose. Finally, the suffering Jesus cries with a loud voice, "It is finished," and yields up his spirit to his Father. "Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, certainly this was a righteous man."—*Trumpet and Magazine*.

[FROM THE LOWELL OBSERVER.]

To Rev. Daniel S. Southmayd,

Dear Sir—I have now waited several weeks without hearing any thing from you in relation to the discussion which is pending between yourself and me. As I have now received information which forbids me to indulge the hope of its farther continuance, I address this letter to you for the purpose of asking something in the shape of explanation. You cannot accuse me of being hasty; I leave it for the public to judge whether I have not waited as long as it could have been expected that I should wait, especially under the present circumstances.

I wish you, Br. Southmayd, to cast a look back upon the origin of the discussion, to follow the course you have pursued onward to the present time, and then to consider the manner in which you have brought the matter to a close. Do this, and if you can satisfy yourself that you have acted rightly, *honorably*—be it so, I have not a word to say.

You professed to be in a great haste to come to the main position, and yet you thrust in another question which had nothing to do with the matter, and protracted it until you had run yourself wholly out of God's book, and then began to indulge in supposed cases which you thought might prove your doctrine, and at last called in the heathen to your assistance. Whether this looks like a strong desire to hasten the thing I leave our readers to judge. I tell you plainly, Sir, that in my opinion you lengthened this matter out as long as possible purposely to escape the main question. Do not be surprised that I speak thus positively; your conduct proves it. After having said all that with any kind of

grace you could say, and finding yourself absolutely out, and that the next move would bring you on the question of endless misery, you come out and say that you *do not know as you can meet me at all on that question*. Now I ask if you can conceive of a course of conduct more singular than this? All this preliminary skirmishing was for nothing then! After having made all this smoke and dust about future punishment, you do not know as you can discuss the important subject of endless misery! Astonishing, Br. Southmayd—what am I to think of this? What will the readers of the Observer—and what will the public think of conduct so strangely inconsistent?

Our readers will understand that you have left town, and I wish them to know the circumstances under which this took place. I called upon you after the appearance of the communication in which you notified me of the improbability of entering upon the discussion, to inquire the cause, and to learn what I was to expect of you. You then told me that you should probably leave Lowell, and that if you went to Boston you would continue it. You farther gave me your word that you would leave me a note, or give me the necessary information in relation to the discussion through the columns of the Observer, whether you went to Boston or else where. Neither of these have you done. The last time I called at the office I was informed that you had gone to Boston—I went to Boston the Monday following, called at the Tract depository, and found you were in the city; but the next day, I think, I called and you had gone to New-York. Now Br. Southmayd, I ask if, after what you said to me, if, after the promise you gave me, this is treating me fairly—*honorably*? I ask farther if you have redeemed the pledge you gave me? if you have kept your word? I know these are plain questions—but you cannot complain, you have justified me in asking them. I do unto you only as I should willingly have you do unto me were I to pursue the same course. I know perfectly well Br. Southmayd when I am treated fairly and when unfairly—I know my rights and I am determined that they shall be respected. I care not who he may be that violates them, I shall surely call him to an account for it. I never suffer such things to pass without a notice, a reproof, and a severe one if I think they deserve it. If there be any way in which you can exculpate yourself—do it, I shall cheerfully listen to any defence you may offer. I do not mean to wrong you, not one jot or tittle—but I mean that you and every one else with whom I have to deal, shall keep a straight course, or give some good reason for not doing it.

I have now done, Br. Southmayd, and I entreat you for your own sake to give some kind of explanation to "your own course." You owe it to yourself—to the readers of the Observer, and to me, and I hope you will not fail to meet my expectations.

Yours with due respect,

And in the love of the Gospel.

THOMAS B. THAYER.

Lowell, April 7, 1834.

Religious Notices.

Br. S. C. Bulkley will preach in Annsville the 1st Sunday in August.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach at Huntington L. I. 1st Sunday in August.

Br. James McLaurin will preach in Monroe, Sunday, Aug. 10th.

Br. T. J. Crow will preach at Croton, (Cortlandtown,) on Sunday next, Aug. 3, (to-morrow.)

213 Questions and Answers.

We have now ready for sale at No. 2 Chatham-Square, N. Y. and 132 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, the 12 Nos. of the Messenger and Universalist containing the above Questions, Answers and Rejoinders, in pamphlet binding.

THE ORPHANS.

I was staying, about ten years since, at a delightful little watering place on the southern coast, which, like many other pretty objects, is now ruined by having had its beauty praised and decorated. Our party had wandered, one sunny afternoon, to an inland village. There was amongst us all the joyousness of young hearts; and we laughed and sang, under an unclouded sky, 'as if the world would never grow old.' The evening surprised us at our merriment; and the night suddenly came on, cloudily and foreboding a distant storm. We mistook our way—and, after an hour's wandering through narrow and dimly lighted lanes, found ourselves on the shingly beach. The tide was beginning to flow; but a large breadth of shore encouraged us to proceed without apprehension, as we soon felt satisfied of the direction of our home. The ladies of our party, however, began to weary; and we were all well nigh exhausted, when we reached a little enclosure upon the margin of the sea, where the road passed round a single cottage. There was a strong light within. I advanced alone, whilst my friends rested upon the paling of the garden. I looked, unobserved, through the rose covered window. A delicate and graceful young woman was assiduously spinning; an infant lay cradled by her side; and an elderly man, in the garb of a fisherman, whose beautiful gray locks flowed upon his sturdy shoulders, was gazing with a face of benevolent happiness upon the sleeping child. I paused one instant, to look upon this tranquil scene. Every thing spoke of content and innocence. Cleanliness and comfort, almost approaching to taste, presided over the happy dwelling. I was just going to knock, when my purpose was arrested by the young and beautiful mother (for so I judged was the female before me) singing a ballad, with a sweet voice and most touching expression. I well recollect the words, for she afterwards repeated the song at my request:

SONG OF THE FISHER'S WIFE.

Rest, rest, thou gentle sea,
Like a giant laid to sleep,
Rest, rest, when day shall flee,
And the stars their bright watch keep;
For his boat is on thy wave,
And he must toil and roam,
Till the flowing tide shall lave
Our dear and happy home.

Wake not thou changeable sea,
Wake not in wrath or power;
Oh bear his bark to me,
Ere the darksome midnight lower;
For the heart will heave a sigh,
When the loved one's on the deep,
But when angry storms are nigh,
What can Mary do,—but weep?

The ballad ceased; and I entered the cottage. There was neither the reality nor the affectation of alarm. The instinctive good sense of the young woman saw, at once, that I was there for an honest purpose; and the quiet composure of the old man showed that apprehension was a stranger to his bosom. In two minutes our little party were all seated by the side of the courteous, but independent fisherman. His daughter, for so we soon learnt the young woman was, pressed upon us their plain and unpretending cheer. Our fatigue vanished before the smiling kindness of our welcome; while our spirits mounted, as the jug of sound and mellow ale refreshed our lips. The husband of the young wife, the father of the cradled child, was, we found, absent at his nightly toil. The old man seldom now partook of this labor. 'His Mary's husband,' he said, 'was an honest and generous fellow: an old fisherman, who had, for five and forty years been roughing it, and 'blow high, blow low,' never shrunk from his duty, had earned the privilege of spending his quiet evening in his chimney-corner; he took care of the boats

and tackle, and George was a bold and lucky fellow, and did not want an old man's seamanship. It was a happy day when Mary married him, and God bless them and their dear child!' It was impossible for any feeling heart not to unite in this prayer. We offered a present for our refreshment, but this was steadily refused. The honest old man put us into the nearest path; and we closed a day of pleasure as such days ought to be closed—happy in ourselves, and with a kindly feeling to all our fellow beings.

During my short residence at the village I have described, I made several visits to the fisherman's cottage. It was always the same abode of health, and cheerfulness, and smiling industry. Once or twice I saw the husband of Mary. He was an extremely fine young man, possessing all the frankness and decision that belong to a life of adventure, with a love of domestic occupations, and an unvarying gentleness that seemed to have grown in a higher station. But ease, and competency, and luxurious refinement, are not essential to humanize the heart. George had received a better education than a life of early toil usually allows. He had been captivated, when very young, by the innocent graces of his Mary. He was now a father. All these circumstances had formed him for a tranquil course of duty and affection. His snatches of leisure were passed in his little garden, or with his smiling infant. His wife's whole being appeared wrapped up in his happiness. She loved him with a deep and confiding love; and if her hours of anxiety were not unfrequent, there were moments of ecstasy in their blameless existence, which made all peril and fear as a dim and forgotten dream.

Seven years had passed over me, with all its various changes. One of the light-hearted and innocent beings who rejoiced with me in the happiness of the fisherman's nest, as we were wont to call the smiling cottage, was no more. I had felt my own sorrows and anxieties—as who has not; and I was in many respects a saddened man. I was tempted once again to my favorite watering place. Its beauty was gone. I was impatient of its feverish noise and causeless hurry; and I was anxious to pass to quieter scenes. A recollection of deep pleasure was, however, associated with the neighborhood; and I seized the first opportunity to visit the hospitable cottage.

As I approached the green lane which led to the little cove, I felt a slight degree of that agitation which generally attends the renewal of a long suspended intercourse. I pictured Mary and several happy and healthy children; her husband more grave and careful in his deportment, embrowned, if not wrinkled, by constant toil; the old man, perchance, gone to rest with the thousands of happy and useful beings that leave no trace of their path on earth. I came to the little garden; it was still neat; less decorated than formerly, but containing many a bed of useful plants, and several patches of pretty flowers. As I approached the house I paused with anxiety; but I heard the voices of childhood, and I was encouraged to proceed. A scene of natural beauty was before me. The sun was beginning to throw a deep and yellow lustre over the clouds and the sea; the old man sat upon a plot of raised turf at the well known cottage door; a net was hung up to dry upon the rock behind him; a dog reposed upon the same bank as his master; one beautiful child of about three years old was climbing up her grandfather's shoulders; another of seven or eight years, perhaps the very same girl I had seen in the cradle, was holding a light to the good old man, who was prepared to enjoy his evening pipe. He had evidently been laboring in his business; his heavy boots were yet upon his legs; and he appeared fatigued, though not exhausted. I saw neither the husband nor the wife.

It was not long before I introduced myself to the 'ancient' fisherman. He remembered me with some difficulty; but when I brought to his mind the simple incidents of our first meeting, and more especially his daughter's song, while I listened at the open casement, he gave me his hand, and burst into tears. I soon comprehended his sorrows and his blessings. Mary and her husband were dead! Their two orphan girls were dependent upon their grandsire's protection.

The 'Song of the Fisher's Wife' was true in its forebodings to poor Mary; her brave husband perished in a night of storms. Long did she bear up for the sake of her children; but the worm had eaten into her heart; and she lies in the quiet church-yard, while he has an ocean grave!

Beautiful, very beautiful, is the habitual intercourse between age and infancy. The affection of those advanced in life for the children of their offspring, is generally marked by an intensity of love, even beyond that of the nearer parents. The aged have more ideas in common with the young, than the gay, and busy, and ambitious conceive. To the holy-minded man, who wears his gray locks reverently, the world is presented in its true colors: he knows its wisdom to be folly, and its splendor vanity: he finds a sympathy in the artlessness of childhood; and its ignorance of evil is to him more pleasing than men's imperfect knowledge, and more imperfect practice of good. But the intercourse of my poor old fisherman with his two most dear orphans was even of a higher order. He forgot his age, and he toiled for them; he laid aside his cares and he played with them; he corrected the roughness of his habits, and he nursed them with all sweet and tender offices. His fears lest they should be dependent upon strangers, or upon public support, gave a new spring to his existence. He lived his manhood over again in all careful occupations; and his hours of rest were all spent with his beloved children in his bosom.

Excellent old man! the blessing of Heaven shall be thy exceeding great reward; and when thou art taken from thy abode of labor and love to have thy virtue made perfect, thou shalt feel, at the same moment of parting, a deep and holy assurance that the same providence which gave thee the will and the ability to protect the infancy of thy orphans, shall cherish and uphold them through the rough ways of the world, when thou shalt be no longer their protector.

Lord Erskin was distinguished through life for independence of principle, for his integrity, and for his scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rule of his conduct, which ought to be generally known and adopted. It ought to be deeply engraven on every heart. He said—"It was the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

As the dew lies longest and produces most fertility in the shade, so woman in the shade of domestic retirement sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and observation of public life. Thus the humble and retired often do more valuable benefits to society than the noisy and bustling satellites of earth, whose very light of unconcealed enjoyment deteriorates, and parches up the moral soil it flows over.

MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1834.

The "Young Men's Universalist Institute" meet every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in a hall situated at the N. E. corner of the first alley in 8th street, below Walnut, Philadelphia. Entrance from the alley.

PHILADELPHIA.

Our subscribers in this city are informed, that I shall shortly call on them personally for a settlement of dues.—I am happy to say, that, though no call of the kind has as yet been made, a respectable portion of the subscribers have taken pains to discharge the amounts with which they were respectively charged. A. C. T.

PHILADELPHIA DISCUSSION.

Many inquiries having been made concerning the Philadelphia Discussion, I have concluded to publish the following Notes. A hope is entertained that the motives which prompt this procedure will be duly appreciated.

A. C. T.

To Mr. Ezra Stiles Ely.

Dear Sir—More than six weeks have elapsed since the date of my last letter. A sincere desire to proceed with our friendly discussion, induces me to inquire when I may expect your next communication. An early reply through the Post-office is respectfully solicited.

With assurances of unabated friendship and esteem, I am affectionately yours, &c.
July 3d, 1834. ABEL C. THOMAS.

To Mr. Abel C. Thomas.

Dear Sir—Nothing but a press of ecclesiastical business, and communications on hand for a long time, has prevented me from publishing a letter in reply to your last. If the Lord permits, I hope to continue our discussion soon.

Yours respectfully,
July 5th, 1834. E. S. ELY.

We are really gratified in presenting the foregoing, as so much interest has been expressed, from various sections, to know the cause of the delay. We are sure the reasons assigned will be satisfactory, and we hope, too, that our various publications which have noticed the delay, will do Dr. Ely the justice to advise their readers of the cause of it. P.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS.

"There is a God—and there must be a Devil; there is a heaven—and there must be a hell." Thus reason many opponents of Universalism. They frequently give us to understand that, in their judgment, there is as much evidence of the existence of a devil and a hell, as there is of a God and of a heaven. It should not be forgotten that *infidels* frequently reason in the same way.

But it appears to me, that the objection is entirely groundless. To the end that the mouths of those who urge it may be stopped, let us attend to the following question and argument:

Was there ever a time when the devil did not exist?—(allowing the present existence of such a being.) If there was not the devil must have existed "from all eternity"—consequently the Magians of old were correct in affirming the existence of two *uncreated* principles, or beings. But Christians will not admit this doctrine. They admit that there was a time when the devil did not exist; and having admitted thus much, they must renounce the objection in review—for the objection supposes that if there be not a devil, there cannot be a God—consequently, there could not have been a God before there was a devil!!

Again. Hell either existed "from all eternity," or else it did not. No one will allow that it *did*; and if it did not, the objection falls to the ground—for the objection supposes, that if there be not a hell, there cannot be a heaven—consequently, there could not have been a heaven before there was a hell!! A. C. T.

ART OF BEING HAPPY.

We have recently been put in possession of a very interesting 12mo. volume, of about 300 pages, entitled, "The Art of being Happy." It is from the French, "in a series of letters from a Father to his children, with observations and comments by Timothy Flint." We have not yet had time to fully peruse the work, but so far as we have read,

we have found much to amuse and instruct. We do not allude to it now, as new from the press, but merely in introduction of some extracts we propose making from its pages, believing that they will be interesting to our readers generally.

The writer aims to show, by arguments drawn from reason and experience, that much of human "suffering may be avoided, and much enjoyment obtained by following rules and pursuing happiness, by system." He supposes, however, that many are ready to disdain such counsels, and to regard the theoretical discussion of the pursuit of happiness, as wholly visionary and profitless; that lecture, write, and preach, as we may, it is all to no purpose; that the world is constantly growing older without growing wiser, &c.—He infers that from the same ground of reasoning, we may declaim against *all* efforts to render the world wiser and happier. We may "close the pulpit, silence the press, cease from parental discipline, moral suasion, and the training of education. The world will go on as before." But he very pertinently asks, "Because, we cannot do every thing, shall we do nothing? Because the million float towards the invisible future, without any pole star, or guided only by the presumption of general opinion, is it proof conclusive that none have been rendered happier in consequence of having followed wiser guidance, and pursued happiness by system?"

Mr. Flint we believe is a respectable Presbyterian Clergyman. The reader may remember a short, but beautiful, extract from an article on Peace Societies, in the Knickerbocker Magazine, for June, from his pen, which we published in our 34th No. under the head "Universal Peace."—The sentiments therein expressed are honorable to, and worthy of the christian heart. So far as our examination, too, of the present work has extended, we are pleased with the liberality therein manifested. It is free from that sectarian cant which is too common with popular divines. The allusions to the subject of religion appear to breathe a spirit of the most expansive charity, and show that the writer cannot be far from the kingdom of heaven, by whatever name he may be known among men. We will give the reader a sample of his reasoning, and we feel confident that there can be few of our own denomination who would wish to change it. In the body of the work is the following passage. "One of the chief advantages of study is, that it enfranchises the mind from those prejudices that disturb life. How many, and what agonizing torments have been caused by those which are associated with false ideas of religion." On this passage Mr. Flint has a note of some length, at the end of the volume, which we copy below.—We shall probably make other extracts as opportunity offers. P.

"Whoever has attempted to concentrate his thoughts in fixed contemplation upon the origin of the human race, the object of our present existence, and our prospects beyond it, upon the character and plan of the divinity, and the mode of his being, must have felt a painful vagueness, a dizzying sense of the weakness of our powers, very naturally preparing us for superstitious and terrific views of the first cause. But when, in the clear light of reason, I look upon his creation, on his star-spangled firmament, and the glory of his works, I should as soon doubt my own existence, as the perfect wisdom and goodness of the author of my being. All religion which does not strengthen our confidence in this, must be a dreary illusion. Horrible dreams, dating their origin from the associations of childhood, and the rant of wild and visionary ministers, may sometimes interpose, in the uncertain moments between sleeping and waking, as among the gloomy presentiments and partial delirium of ill health. But every rational mind must finally settle to repose in that glorious persuasion, which instantly irradiates the moral universe with perennial sunshine. 'The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.' In this or any other world, in our present or any other forms of conscious being, we may advance upon the unexplored scenes with a full confidence that we can never travel beyond the beneficence and equity of the infinite mind.

One of the standing themes of Christian pulpits is the puerile and absurd views, which the

common creed of the Greeks and Romans presented of the rabble divinities of their Pantheon—deities, who fought, intrigued, made love and intoxicated themselves; deities, who had great power in a valley, and none on the adjoining hills; deities, who were conquered, and transferred with their territory, and became in consequence subservient to their conquerors. I have heard discussions of this kind in the discourse of the sabbath morning; and in that of the evening, views of Christian theology, scarcely less narrow and unworthy of the Supreme Being. I am compelled to believe, from reading and observation, that the mass of the people, in all churches, have had no other conception of the divinity, than that of being molded much like themselves. We cannot avoid discovering, that their ideas of a God are gross, material, local, partial; that they behold him, as the God of their place, party and passions. Converse with the fiercer sects, and you perceive, that their views immediately become vague, as soon as they contemplate the Almighty occupied with the concerns beyond their sect. *It seems beyond their thoughts to realize, that their denomination bears to the species little more than the proportion of a drop to the ocean: and that the Supreme Being cannot be rationally supposed more concerned about them, than any other equal number of his children.*

Nothing can be more philosophical, or consoling, than the scripture views of what has been called a *particular providence*. But, as we hear it generally expounded from the press, the pulpit, and in common conversation, it offers views of the divine Being and government, scarcely less weak, monstrous and unworthy, than those entertained by the ancient pagans. What a conception, to suppose that a perfect law, as wise and equitable in its general operation, as infinite wisdom and goodness could ordain, could be continually infringed, to meet countless millions of opposing prayers and interests! What a view of God, to imagine, that earnest and concurrent prayers can at any time divert him from his purpose, and change his plans? What palpable misinterpretation of the Scriptures, to suppose, that they give any countenance to such debasing conceptions of God! Hear rigid sectarians converse, and you discover, that they think little of the divine providence, which has no reference to their individual interests and concerns. From the tone of their conversations, it is but too manifest, that they have an interior confidence, that they can obtain of the divine power, almost what they will.

The testimony of church history and the experience of time testify, that the million under all degrees of light, shrink from the difficult and philosophical idea of the real Jehovah of the Bible; and form, instead, the easy and natural image of a limited, partial, changeable God, whom importunity can easily induce to swerve from his purpose; and who is, in many respects, such a being as themselves. It is the embodied conception of their own narrow views, assigned to a local habitation. To him the countless millions of other lands and other forms of worship, are not like them, as children. Unable to rise to the Supreme Being, they have brought Him down to them.

A few minds, from age to age, elevated by endowment and circumstances far above their contemporaries, have not only embraced, in common with others, the easy and simple sentiments of Him which the heart entertains, but have raised their contemplations so high, as to behold Him in the light of truth—have seen Him in some sense, *as He is*—have been filled with awe and confidence, in the view of his immutability, and with filial and cheerful resignation, in seeing in the universe, its order mutations and variety, in the mixed condition of man, in a word, in every feature of the natural and mo-

ral creation, as in a mirror, a perfect transcript of the divine perfections—a pattern of an archetype without a shade of defect. Instead of bringing the Divine Being down to them, they have raised themselves up to Him. The veil, that screens his glory from the feeble vision of the multitude, has been removed. Being assured, that he has made of one blood all nations, that dwell on the earth, they have seen it to be impossible, that He should look upon one portion of his children with more favor than on another. They have seen, in the superior light and advantages of one part of the species over another, not the indication of what is technically called *special favor*, but the natural result of the operation of his universal laws. They have seen, that if the inhabitants of one region are enabled to rise higher in the intellectual scale, and pay him a more spiritual and worthy homage—the simple inhabitants of *distant, barbarous isles* have an organization admitting them to be as happy as their natures will admit, and as full of enjoyment as their measure can contain. If they are unable to offer an intellectual worship, the service of their minds, their hearts are formed for fervent admiration and worship of the thunderer—the being, who raises fruits and flowers, and hangs out his bow on their clouds. They see, in all this, that *God, also, hath set one thing over against another.*

"THE TRUTH."

A friend has put into our hands a Penny Daily, dated July 23, entitled "*Truth*," a strange title, we should think, if we are to judge from the No. before us. In the most conspicuous part of it, we find the celebrated *Negro Sermon*, as it has been called, said to have been delivered by one *Emuel Haynes*, in Rutland, Vt. on the text, "*Ye shall not surely die.*" We term it *celebrated*, for it is about the only thing Limitarians have brought against our doctrine in the shape of argument, since the date of the Pamphlet, which appears to be in 1805, near *thirty years*. A period of time, which for its *length*, if for nothing further, ought to give the little thing some celebrity.

So far as we can remember, it has been in constant requisition, either as a whole, or by parts, in opposing Universalism. Even a celebrated Doctor of Divinity in this city was not long since guilty of the rankest plagiarism, in robbing the colored Preacher of all his principal arguments, (if arguments they may be called,) and of incorporating them into a course of Essays against Universalism, over his own initials! We do not blame him so much for taking Mr. Hayne's *pretended* arguments, for undoubtedly they were the *best* he could use or command, but in common honesty, *he should have given the author credit!* The simple color of his skin, can be no possible reason why he should be robbed of his honors!

We have a brief remark to make in regard to its publication in the sheet before us. The "*Truth*," it seems, is edited by the Rev. *Daniel S. Southmayd*, former editor of the Lowell (Mass.) Observer. He is the same individual who some months since entered upon a written Discussion through the columns of the Observer, on the doctrine of Endless Misery, with Br. Thomas B. Thayer, and from all that we can learn, ingloriously fled the field, without coming to the question at all. We insert on the 34 page of this paper, Br. Thayer's last letter, which will give the reader some idea of the present situation of their discussion. We are not sure, but believe the letter has never been replied to.

In view of the circumstances, we would seriously say to Mr. Southmayd, we think he would be *much better* employed in redeeming his character in the above transaction, than in publishing and editing "particular attention to specimens of intellect," which any *christian* should be ashamed to avail himself of. If he expects to aid his cause by such means, he will find himself most sadly mistaken. The *thirty years* use of this same article should have taught himself and his associates differently. Every effort they have made with it, has tended directly to satisfy many candid reflecting minds, that a religious cause requiring such aids, must be poor indeed. And although it is constantly adding to our ranks, we deeply regret to see respectable men, (more especially under the garb of the ministry,) degrading themselves in such a warfare.

The publication in the "*Truth*," is prefaced by a statement that the "Author, (Mr. Haynes) had been repeatedly solicited to hear and dispute with Mr. Ballou; and had been charged with dishonesty and cowardice for refusing." We will not be positive, but think a similar statement has been most unqualifiedly denied. Can Br. Whittemore of the Trumpet inform us? P.

SOMETHING NEW.

Br. Russel Streeter published a work, a year since, entitled, "News from Three Worlds—Heaven, Earth and Hell—as reported at a four days meeting," etc. Said report contained much news of which the Bible gives not the slightest hint—nevertheless, there are things in one of the three worlds, which were not dreamed of in the philosophy of the six clergyman who managed the four days' meeting above referred to.

In December last, I had an encounter with a Methodist clergyman of respectable talents. Preaching from Psalm ix, 17, he described hell as a place of outer and utter darkness—somewhere out of creation! He afterward spoke of it as a lake of fire and brimstone in the invisible world.—In endeavoring to reconcile the apparent contradiction, namely, that there could be utter darkness where there was fire, he pointed to the stove, which, though glowing with the intense heat of a coal fire, emitted no light. He insisted upon it, that the illustration was a pointed refutation of any objection that might be urged against his previous statements.

After the meeting, a wag made himself merry by insisting upon it, that he had received a new idea. He felt satisfied that the preacher was right; and there now could be no doubt, that hell is heated with stoves!! A. C. T.

CONDITION OF THE POOR.

Under this head in our last, we made some extracts from Mr. Arnold's second semi-annual Report, as Minister at large, on their physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the poor in this city. We continue our extracts. The last was on their physical condition. Our present comprises his observations on their *intellectual* condition. His allusion to what we are compelled to regard the wild schemes of sectarian aggrandizement, (the popular benevolent operations of the day) will be read with interest. His remark that while such exertions are made to circulate the Bible, thousands are growing up utterly unable to read its heaven-illuminated pages, is, doubtless, but too true. We are friends to the circulation of the Bible, but it is of the *first* importance that the community should be able to *read* that Bible understandingly. And it is in truth a lamentable consideration, that while such unwearied efforts are made, and such immense sums are expended to send Missionaries, &c. abroad, so little exertion is manifested in imparting a useful and proper education to our own community. As Mr. A. very justly intimates, it is a subject of general obligation. It is of deep moment to us all, that every member of community should receive a suitable education, as a measure of interest, or policy, saying nothing of the higher obligations we may be under, to our species; and we hope, some day, to see the subject of *Universal Education*, commended more fully to the hearts and consciences of men, than it has ever yet been. But we will not prolong our own observations. Our extracts follow. P.

"In the second place what is the intellectual condition of the poor of this city?

In respect to this, as well as to their physical condition, there is great diversity. There are many among the poor who possess a good degree of intelligence—whose mental faculties have been considerably cultivated—persons who possess by nature much strength of mind—who are sound thinkers and reasoners on such subjects as engage their attention, and who are not likely to be misled in the conclusions to which they arrive. These, if they have not contracted vicious habits, are generally among those who are least exposed to physical suffering. Except on extraordinary occasions, they are able, by their own exertions, to maintain a comfortable independence. They often, indeed, have to struggle manfully; and if they do thus struggle, in order to maintain this independence they are worthy of all respect and encouragement.

There are some, indeed, of a high degree of mental cultivation, of extensive reading and in-

formation, of great refinement of mind and acute sensibility, who have met with sudden reverses, and have been reduced by misfortune from comparative affluence to a state of great destitution, from which they have never been able to rise.—But these may be regarded as exceptions. The general rule undoubtedly is, that intelligence, an ability to trace the effects to causes, and causes to their effects, and the habit of looking before and after, are among the principal securities against want; and in accordance with this view, we find that by far the larger portion of the very poor, are very ignorant. Many of them are utterly unable to read; and not only so, their minds are dull and sluggish; their mental faculties seem never to have been exercised; their perceptions of every thing except sensible objects are very indistinct, and their judgments, even in the simplest matters, extremely weak and fallible. Indeed they seem to be almost precluded from any, but a mere animal life.—The exalted pleasures of thought, reflection, and all intellectual activity, are hardly known to them. Their countenances are generally vacant—intellectual light beams not from their eyes—the animal only is visible.

This is surely a melancholy picture of a numerous class of society in this favored land of equal rights and rational liberty, where a portion of political responsibility rests alike on every citizen in the community; but, melancholy as it is, it is not, to my mind, so melancholy as is the anticipation of the future. My settled conviction, from all the attention which I have been able to bestow upon the subject, is, that the next generation will be decidedly behind the present, in all useful knowledge, unless more effective means are adopted to prevent this alarming result than are yet in operation. And I must say, the general apathy which prevails in the community upon this subject, is, to me, matter of surprise and astonishment. While we are not wanting in interest and liberality for prosecuting extensive works of physical utility and ornament, a large portion of the mind, which governs the bone and muscle of our community, is stagnating, and receives but a meagre and indifferent attention. While more ostentatious, perhaps, but far less important charities, receive a zealous support, and active co-operation, we are sleeping over the great subject of universal education. While we are making great and laudable exertions to send the Bible to every family in our land, and throughout the world, thousands are growing up among us who will be utterly unable to read its heaven-illuminated pages. While we are professing to send light to our antipodes, and are stretching forth our hands with relief to strangers who are afar-off, a darkness, but too distinctly visible, is brooding over our own homes, and "we hide ourselves from our own flesh." Preach the gospel first at Jerusalem, said the great Author of our divine religion to his Apostles, who were Jews; and well would it be for us, for our country, and the world, if we would obey the spirit of the injunction.

And what are the causes of this prevailing ignorance in a large class of our population?

They are distinctly visible, and can hardly be mistaken. We are all born in ignorance, and with regard to this unfortunate class of which I have spoken, no effective means have been adopted for its removal. Had we and our children been born of poor parents, as they were, and had our mental culture been entirely neglected from our very cradles, as theirs has been, we should all be as ignorant as they. And he who expects an intelligent population, where no available means are provided to exercise the minds, the reason, and the judgment of the young, to lead them into habits of thought and reflection, and to inspire them with a thirst for knowledge and information, will be sure to be disappointed, however, many schools may be established, or how-

ever much may be said about popular instruction. He might as well expect strong and healthful bodies for which no food had been provided, or any other effect without an adequate cause.

Now this is precisely the condition of a large portion of the poor. Parents are ignorant, and consequently do not appreciate intelligence for their children, if they can derive the most trifling pecuniary advantage from their services, from the ages of ten to sixteen years, in printing offices, bakeries, tobacco manufactories, &c. &c. or by sending them into the streets as hawkers of vegetables, fruit and newspapers, or in the capacity of beggars from door to door, that stepping-stone to the penitentiary, or even if it be only to gratify their vagrant propensities, formed even in infancy, which incline them to the street, the market, and the dock, they keep them from the school without the least compunction or regret; and thus they grow up, certainly in ignorance, perhaps in indolence and vice. And even many of those who do attend some public or private school for a longer or a shorter period, leave it with minds little less sluggish, inactive, and unintelligent, than when they entered it. And how should it be otherwise? for they are subjected to no mental discipline at home, and exposed to little other than a mechanical influence while there. Their minds are hardly touched, and how should their intellectual faculties thus be developed? They cannot be. And thus they seem to be doomed by the stern mandate of society to inevitable ignorance, poverty, and wretchedness, if not to crime. Oh! I could weep over the destiny of these poor, neglected, and as yet unoffending outcasts—so destitute as it must be of all that makes life desirable—so full of all that must fill it with wretchedness and unutterable woe. And this destiny is fixed, through the neglect of those whom God has favoured, in respect to worldly advantages, above these their brethren.

And at whose door will this neglect lie, with all the evils which must directly and remotely result from it? Surely at mine, and yours, and every man's in this community, who has a voice which can be heard in ever so limited a circle, and has failed to lift it up in this holy cause—of every one who has a particle of influence in society which he has failed to exert in its favour; of every one who might have done aught which he has not done to arouse our sleeping community to this great and beneficent work of universal education. There can be little doubt I think, as a mere matter of political economy, an affair of dollars and cents, to say nothing of the immense amount of happiness which dollars and cents can never purchase, that the true policy of society is, in order to protect itself against pauperism and crimes, to secure to every individual born into it, such intellectual and moral training as will fit each to become a useful citizen, and prepare him for a right performance of his social and relative duties. Let our eyes be fixed then, on this glorious result. Let us not rest until it is consummated. The evil is among us, at our very doors. Its causes are plain. The remedy is at hand, and it may be applied; it waits but the mandate of society.—A nation on the eastern hemisphere, called by us despotic, has already exemplified its practicability. Others, far less liberal than ours, are following her example. Let us then no longer be satisfied to remain in the back ground, when so glorious a contest of beneficence is going on in the world. Let us heartily engage in the work, and our children will live to reap the rich and invaluable fruit of our labours, in the prevalence of good order, prosperity, public virtue, and happiness.

Br. Drew has certainly a happy talent in providing for difficulties. In the following article he has met a common excuse with a most excellent proposition; one, which, if

generally carried into effect, would be productive of immense advantages to our cause. How much the circulation of our periodicals might be extended in this way; and if well conducted, who can begin to estimate the beneficial results from their silent, but effectual, preaching? Hundreds will read, who have not courage to meet the frowns of the world in attending on the preached word, and will eventually "become strong in the faith, giving glory to God."

We hope we shall be pardoned in availing ourselves of the hint in relation to the Messenger. Are there not some who read our sheet, who will be willing to practice upon the suggestion? Now is a favorable time. We are on the last quarter of the present volume. The 4th commences the 1st day of Nov. and much might be done within the time. We rely on the interest and activity of present patrons to extend our list because we really cannot afford to employ Agents to go around and look up patrons. Brethren, suppose you make the trial? P.

WAY TO DO GOOD.

There are some people who seldom or never give any thing for the support of the Gospel.—They profess to love the truth, and to be willing to do what they can to extend a knowledge of it amongst their fellow men, but "the times are so hard" and they are, or think they are, so poor, they cannot raise or expend a little change, or any of their "carnal things" for the support of the cause. We are not disposed, severely to censure all of such people. Doubtless many do find it difficult to contribute of their goods for the prosperity of the cause. We are inclined, too, to take them at their word, and believe they are willing to do what they can to spread a knowledge of the truth. And as they probably never thought of the idea, we would take the liberty of pointing out to them a way in which they can do much, without costing them a cent in money or a gill of grain. The *Intelligencer*, for instance, is a herald of the glad tidings of salvation to the people. It is devoted to the dissemination of truth. By the blessing of God, it may be made to do as much good in a town every week, as a minister could by preaching two sermons on the Sabbath. If proper efforts were made hundreds and thousands in our State might be induced to read its columns who seldom or never hear a Sermon preached. Now let the man who is so poverty stricken that he cannot give any thing in money to support a preacher, just go out on a leisure day and exert himself to extend the circulation of this, or some other kindred publication. If he succeeds in one instance, he will be the means of carrying the truth every week to five or ten persons directly, and perhaps to many more indirectly in whose way the paper may fall as acquaintances and neighbors. Suppose he succeed in securing ten subscribers, and thus introducing the paper to ten families; in this way he will, in fact, collect every week a congregation to be preached to by the *Intelligencer*, as large as some preachers number, ordinarily, in a Sunday meeting. Here great good might be done! and all this only by the convenient exertion of any individual who wishes well to our cause.

We make this proposition to every brother that sees this, who is "willing to do what he can" to promote the cause of Universalism,—whether he is, or is not able to do any thing else for the truth. Is not the proposition a practicable and a reasonable one? Brethren, think of this thing.—*Maine Christian Intelligencer*.

We find the following "knotty" question for solution in a late number of the *Maine Christian Intelligencer*. We, also, should really like to see it satisfactorily "accounted for."

QUESTION FOR SOLUTION.

Some religious paper, wishes some one, if possible, to inform why it is that the rain which falls on Sunday is so much more injurious to health, than that which falls on any other day of the week? Of the fact that Sunday rains

are peculiarly dangerous and hurtful, there can be no doubt; a majority of the people can testify that it is so—and majorities in this country settle all matters of fact and sound doctrine.—But how? or wherefore? Why plainly in this way—Take, for instance, the members of any religious Society; during the week, whilst engaged in business or pleasure, most of them can brave the storms, in rain, wind or snow, and there is little danger to health; but when Sunday comes, if the clouds distil their gentle rains they look out of the window in discouragement. They would like to go to church; but—"it rains,"—it will not do to venture out to day,—they would certainly catch a death cold; and prudence restrains their desire for public worship and compels them to saunter in the easy chairs or roll upon the downy beds. The minister, indeed, can go to meeting; the rain will not harm him; but as for his parishioners, they would certainly have the consumption should they expose themselves to a Sunday's rain.—What is all this, but evidence that the rain on Sabbath day, is peculiarly injurious and fatal to religious men? Will any one inform us, how this remarkable fact is to be accounted for?

CHRISTIAN PILOT.

This paper closed its second volume on the 10th ult.—The third commenced on the 17th ult. It is published in Portland Me. every Thursday, at \$1 per ann. in advance. It is a sufficient guarantee to the public for its usefulness, to say, that it still retains the same skillful Helmsman, (Br. Rayner,) assisted by Brs. S. Brimblecom and Z. Thompson.

VOLUME OF SERMONS.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription a volume of Sermons, from the pen of our late Br. James H. Bugbee, whose death was announced some time since. It is to be selected and arranged by Br. L. S. Everitt, of Charlestown, Mass., and will be published by Messrs. Marsh, Capen & Lyon, Boston. The whole profits of the work, after defraying the expenses of publication, will be faithfully appropriated to the benefit of the bereaved family of Br. Bugbee. The prospectus says, "It is, therefore, confidently believed, that this fact alone, aside from the merits of the publication, will induce the friends of our cause to exert themselves, to the extent of their ability, in procuring subscribers."

It is certainly to be hoped that a liberal subscription will be extended to the work. The object is a laudable one, and we trust that Universalists will not be backward in a measure calculated to make glad the hearts of the widow and the fatherless.

It will contain a memoir of his life, and a sufficient number of his most valuable sermons to make a volume of more than 400 pages, 12 mo. at \$1 payable on delivery. Subscriptions will most thankfully be received at this office. P.

To Correspondents.

The favors of "S. A. D." are thankfully received.—Though one of her articles, (in allusion to our comments on her communication in the 34th No.) as she expresses herself "is not designed for publication," still we shall present it with pleasure, on her assent thereto. Not as a foundation, or rather a continuation of a discussion on the subject—for as we expressed ourselves at first, "we war not with temperance associations, or temperance pledges"—but rather that the reader may see the reasons, more fully expressed, why she upholds the pledge. We do not fear at all that public attention will be too much directed to the subject of Temperance. Only preserve a friendly feeling between those whose judgments may lead them in different paths for the accomplishment of the same great and glorious end. We heartily unite with her in her closing expression,—if any thing that has been written or published will be the means of calling the attention of our readers to the importance of the subject, and "convince any one of the danger of tampering with what has been the productive source of such vast evil in the moral world," we also shall rejoice.

Her poetical favors will have an early place. "A. M." Reading, is received. We need not say he is always welcome.

A excellent Sermon, from Br. Le Fevre will be given in our next.

For Religious notices see 3d page.

[A subscriber has handed us the following for insertion. It is the production of a young female connexion of his, in the place named at the bottom. He thinks it has already been published in a literary work issued by the Students of Washington College, but is not certain, and neither does he know the title of the publication. We do not recollect of ever seeing it ourselves before. It matters not, however, if it has already been published. If we are judges at all of poetic sentiment it is altogether worthy of a re-publication.]

TO A FRIEND.

When from the soften'd twilight sky,
As fading sunset's hue,
And night's own brightest, fairest star,
Sails through a sea of blue—
When eve's faint holy light is thrown
O'er upland, lawn, and lea,
My heart will often turn to muse,
And fondly think on thee.

When o'er the silent, darken'd earth,
Night broods her starry wing,
And waving tree, and gliding stream,
Their lone sweet anthems sing—
When shadowy forms flit fleetly o'er
The dim, the distant hill,
And tender thoughts come pensively,
My heart is with thee still.

When on the stilly air is borne,
The sound of sweet toned bells,
As of a sabbath's holy calm,
Their loud clear music tells,
When the heart's happy light wing'd thoughts,
Go forth in earnest prayer,
Then shalt thy much lov'd name be breath'd,
And thou remembered there. M. A. D.
Greenvale, (Hartford) Ct.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Sweet is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in;
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace:
Delightful season! Kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,—
Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal Sabbath day!

BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. WATTS.

Extract of a Letter, dated Southampton, Eng. June 14, 1833.

You remember Dr. Watts' beautiful Hymn, as every one accustomed to his inimitable and all but inspired psalmody must,—

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.

And when I tell you, that I am now penning these lines from the very spot, and sitting at the window which looks out where he looked on the

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
All dressed in living green,

which so awoke his thoughts of heaven, and helped him to sing the Christian's triumph in the Jordan of death, you will not perhaps think it unworthy that I should allude to this interesting circumstance. Southampton is the birth place of this sweet singer of our modern and Christianized Israel; and the house in which I am a guest is the spot where he wrote the hymn above mentioned. The town lies on a swell, between the forks of the Test and Itchen, the latter of which is the "swelling flood," celebrated in the song, one mile, or less, from my present position, and beyond which is seen from this place the "land of pure delight,"

Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.

So, at least, it may seem. It is indeed a fair and beautiful type of that paradise of which the poet sung. It rises from the margin of the flood, and swells into boundless prospect, all mantled in

the richest verdure of summer, chequered with forest growth and fruitful fields under the highest cultivation, and gardens and villas, and every adornment which the hand of man, in a series of ages, could create on such susceptible grounds. Our poet's imagination, so spiritual and heavenly, leaped from this enchanting scene to the fields and gardens of the upper world. As he looked upon these waters now before me, and then before him, he thought of the final passage of the Christian:

Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

And are these indeed the circumstances which suggested these lines, that have been such a help to the devotions of so many believers in Christ and which for aye to come are likely to breathe from the dying lips of those

Who see the Canaan which they love,
With unobscured eyes.

THE OCEAN AND THE CLOUD.

The ocean was angry. "Why dost thou complain?" said Jupiter.

"The envious sun," grumbled the giant, with heaving breast, "sucks from me my waters, and carries them through the heavens, I know not whither. I would not that the flaming robber should despoil me of my wealth."

"But," said the father of men and gods, "hast thou not enough? Thy waves sweep from pole to pole. Thou spreadest over two-thirds of the globe. What the sun receives from thee is but a drop compared with thy stupendous depths, and besides is a small return for the beauty shed on thee by his beams. Would thou arrest the course of nature for an idle whim? Dost thou forget thy real blessings, and murmur only at imaginary evils?"

"What I have is mine own," replied the sea, "and I would not have it stolen from me, or I shall one day be exhausted."

"Ingrate!" returned Jove: "what is taken is but borrowed, and the process is necessary to the operation of nature. These rolling clouds—these flying winds, are my messengers, and, loaded with vapors from thy bosom, float over the earth, whose thirsty soul they refresh with their watery burthen, bathing the fields—preserving and beautifying vegetation—ripening the golden harvest—gladdening the farmer's honest heart; then, flowing to the streams and rivers, they hurry on their eager course, and again rush to embrace thee with their majestic tides."

"The golden harvests and fields to me," said the surly ocean, "are things unvalued—unknown. I would be safe from the ravages of the fiery orb. I would have his beams quenched in eternal night."

"Fool!" replied the angry god, "be granted thy prayer"—and darkness was on the face of the deep. Then its dancing waves were turned to ice, deep as the bases of mountains, and lofty as their highest peaks; sounds of wo and death filled the air; the earth shook and trembled, and a thousand sublime horrors announced the universal destruction of nature. The terrified ocean cried out for mercy. Jove heard his prayer.

The splendors of day again burst over all things: the peaks of ice melted away; the sounds of desolation changed to the singing of birds and the dashing of waters, and all the scene regained loveliness and peace.

"Short-sighted malcontent!" said Jupiter to the ocean; "learn that, giant as thou art, it is I who have made thee so, and for my own purposes, not thine. Censure not that which thou dost not understand, nor consider the wisdom of thy maker as a theme for thy idle humors. Enjoy what has been bestowed upon thee with gratitude: behold the gifts of others without envy, and endure what evils fall to thy lot with cheerfulness and resignation."—*New-York Mirror.*

THE FEMALE.

The following natural and true description of the parental comfort derived from female children, is from a speech of Burrows, an Irish lawyer:—"The love of offspring, the most forcible of all our instincts, is even stronger towards the female, than the male child. It is wise that it should be so; it is more required. There is no pillow on which the head of the parent, anguished by sickness or by sorrow, can so sweetly repose, as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter. Her attentions are unceasing. She is utterly incapable of remaining inactive. The boy may afford occasional comfort and pride to his family; they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisition—but he never communicates the solid and unceasing comforts of life, which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child. She seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Even after her marriage, her filial attentions are unimpaired. She may give her hand and heart to her husband, but still she may share her cares and attentions with her parents, without a pang of jealousy, or distrust from him. He only looks on them, as the assured pledges of her fidelity and the unerring evidence of a good disposition."

New Pamphlets.

We have just issued from the Press, and now have for sale at the publishing offices of this Paper, 2 Chatham Square, N. Y. and 132 Chesnut-st. Philadelphia, the following Pamphlets, well calculated for distribution, viz. Mistakes concerning Deity, a Sermon, by A. C. Thomas, being the one published in No. 32 of the Messenger—25 cts. per dozen.

Important Questions, with Scripture Answers, and the references to the texts, by Miss Lucy Barnes, a new edition, to which are added 22 Important Questions to believers in Endless Misery—25 cts. per dozen.

Proof of Universalism, being the article published under that head in No. 39 of the Messenger, together with the "Universalists Belief and Rule of Life," written by a Clergyman of the Universalist Church, and presented as a reason of the hope within him—published in No. 40 of the Messenger—31 cts. per dozen.

Statement of Facts, in relation to Rev. Dr. Brownlee, and the N. Y. Christian Intelligencer—third edition.

A variety of other Pamphlets are also constantly on hand. Friends are invited to call and examine. Much good can be done at very little expense to individuals, by being supplied with these things.

HYGEIAN MEDICINE.

The undersigned has the sole General Agency for the United States, of that valuable Medicine, known as

Hyer's Pills, the American Improved

Hygeian Vegetable Medicine.

The unparalleled success which has attended the use of this Medicine for the period that it has now been before the public, is the surest pledge that can possibly be given of its highly valuable properties. As a remedy for general application, in purifying the Blood, and producing a healthy action through the entire range of the System, it probably stands unrivalled. The Pills have been found eminently useful in the following, among other Complaints, viz. Quinzy, Dyspepsy, Headache, Cough, Catarrh, Colic, Cholera, Bilious Colic, Gravel, Piles, Jaundice, Consumption, the various classes of Fevers, Fever and Ague, Scrofula, Syphilis, Palpitation of the Heart, Rheumatism, &c. &c. The use of a single Dollar Package will in most cases convince a patient of their beneficial properties. Indeed a fair trial of them, in accordance with the directions accompanying each package, is the only recommendation they need.

From a personal trial of the Medicine, its general use in his family for two years, and observations of its beneficial effects in others, through his circle of acquaintance, the undersigned can recommend it to the public with the most perfect confidence. By this he does not mean to be understood that it will restore the dead to life, but that he knows it, from actual experience and observation, to be a valuable combination of curative properties.

The Medicine is put up in packages of \$1 each, with a pamphlet comprising a brief treatise on the origin of disease, and very full directions for the use of the medicine.

Applications for Agencies, (post paid,) must be accompanied by the most unexceptionable references—in the city so far as is possible. All orders addressed, L. H. FINCH, at the General Agency Office, No. 2 Marble Building, Chatham-Square, foot of Bowery, N. York, or to the undersigned, at the same number, will meet with prompt attention.

P. PRICE.